
Title: Ubertino's Songbook

Author: Ubertino Kalon

Lament of The
Minstrel

Over leagues of sea
And many miles of
muddy paths
Have these cracked
and sullied boots
swept.
Onward, ever onward;
Though no home
have I,
Nor goal,
Nor star to guide
them by.

Though the Beech
may offer shelter,
And the Yew become
a Traveller's friend,
None can shield this
heart
From the winds
of Solitude.

The Harp my sistrum
The Drum my dead
friend;
The Lute my only
bride
And Flute, provider.

For a time
And for a modest
sum,
"Your Inn shall be
full!"
And
"Good times for all!"

Yet the night
always draws in,
And by morn' I shall
be gone;

Over leagues of sea
And many miles of

muddy paths,
Onward, ever onward;
'Til I find a star to
guide me home.

A Stroll in Felucca

Once a'walking
In Yew Deep Forest
Saw a Lady fair,
I's true,
T'is true!

Stay'd my steed,
And doff'd my cap,
Ready to offer my
good service!

When out came an axe,
Silver shining
T'was fair blinding!
T'is true
T'is true!

Well on went my
cap,
Mare's heels flying
for t'was fear of
dying!
T'is true,
T'is true!

For mile on mile,
We dash'd
She slash'd!
And hope was all but
gone
But in the distance
lop'd

A Troll!
A Wolf!
A hideous Ettin!
A Befeathered and
bare-breast' Harpy
A Bull!
A Cow!
and a twitt'ring
Sparrow!

T'is true,
T'is true!
Well my hand fair
shook,
But Lady Luck game
me a wink;

My strings did sing,
A rousing melody!

Well, t'was a sight to
see
A beast of air and
land
Did make a meal of
she!
T'is true
T'is true!

And that's the tale
of how my mare and I
Come to warn thee
of uncloth'd maidens
in Yew Deep Forest!
I learned it in England,
where, indeed, they are
most potent in potting
your Dane, your German,
and your swag-bellied
Hollander.
T'is true
T'is true!
And that's the tale of
howmy